

The World
Published by the Press Publishing Company.
THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 1.
SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD.
(Including Postage)
PER MONTH.....30c.
PER YEAR.....\$3.50
Vol. 31.....No. 10,720
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.
BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD TOWNSHIP OFFICE, 1567 BROADWAY, between 21st and 22nd Sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—350 FULTON ST., HARLEM—New Department, 150 EAST 22ND ST., Address: 1567 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LAWSON BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 7TH ST., WASHINGTON—610 15TH ST., LONDON OFFICE—25 COCKSHU ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!
It is with the simplest sincerity that THE EVENING WORLD wishes to one and all of its readers a Happy New Year. Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-One will be a few hours old when the salutation reaches you, but it will find your good resolutions in a state of fine preservation without doubt. May their integrity and beauty endure unmoved by the first gust of temptation that this fresh new year has rounded its three hundred and sixty-fifth lap, and is put on the shelf by 1892. This will spare you the trouble of making a new set of resolutions for that year. You will only have to keep right on with the old ones.

Such reflection on good resolutions in general is a fitting mental companion to the aspiration for your happiness, which the comradeship of humanity teaches the lips to-day. So much of your happiness will depend on the way in which you keep your good resolutions. Does this seem a slightly disguised version of "Virtue is its own reward," and "Be good, and you'll be happy"? It is about the same thing, just as true as either of them, and they are both as true as the Gospel. Be your best self in purpose and action this year and you will be as happy as your nature permits.

The New Year does not start in with as blooming a specimen of weather as the meteorological job-lot known as the American climate can afford, but 'twill do. It might be so much worse, and we are all starting in sanguinely enough to laugh at such a trifling as a dull gray day.

Our conditions, national and civic, are about as gray as the day. With BENJAMIN HARRISON and TOM REED in high places in Washington, the redskin whetting his tomahawk in the Bad Lands, Pat Divver monkeying with a Police Justiceship, and BEATRICE in the infamous Street-Cleaning Department, there is no need to refer to the McKinley Bill in order to waken a slight gloom.

But we shall change all that. The descendant of his grandfather and the adipsos THOMAS will melt away like the substance of a dream, the bad Indians will be converted to good ones, something will rise up and clean BEATRICE out, and Divver will attract no more attention than a wall-eyed antique goat.

But beware of the fatal "Just this one." Do not say that one carries nothing with it. It carries four or five things with it, as a rule, and means a thousand or ten thousand times. And all you have got to do is not to do it once.

The custom of calling on everybody one has ever been introduced to and going oneself on food and drink has happily lapsed into desuetude. It was a pretty wholesome usage of the day, which rapidly degenerated into inebriety and extravagant cash-bire. That has gone, and our generation will probably never see it again.

But the cheerful custom of wishing your friends a "Happy New Year" is still in vogue and should ever be. It is the reasonable greeting of good fellowship. Let us hold to the best that is in us, and push the worst to the wall. Habit is an awful thing, but it must be done. Grapple with your bad habits to-day, and choke them off. Don't drink, when you don't want to; don't eat more than you need; don't keep much of an eye on SMITH with the laudable object of robbing him of his tripe up, and don't live at a three-thousand-dollar rate on a two-thousand-dollar salary. Read THE EVENING WORLD every day and know what is going on, and try to be abreast of the age and the best of your kind. This little volley of good advice is discharged with cheerful insensibility to the fate which befalls all good advice, and as the best conclusion to our homily of January the first we again wish you a Happy New Year!

AN HONEST MAN.
Gen. FRANCIS E. SPINER is dead. He was United States Treasurer, and when he closed his accounts with the Government he was one cent short. The missing penny was traced and full restitution made. He guarded millions of the Nation's money with absolute fidelity, and has left behind him the record of a strictly honest man of incomparable fidelity. This is not fame, but it is a record for which the world should be only too glad to accept.

The unfortunate wife and daughter of the French stranger, EYRAUD, are suffering the result of the dramatic notoriety that worthy has brought upon them. Three times they have had to change their residence in order to avoid the persecution which this notoriety entails. It is a pity that the innocent should suffer so severely for the iniquity of a miserable wretch.

The Indian troubles are arousing a sentiment of justice towards those troublesome natives. Nobody will contend that it is legitimate policy to starve and use the Indians into revolt and then frantically shoot them for turning under the heel. Justice should never be so careful as the arranged in the object of a violent prejudice. Injustice to an enemy is even more than injustice to a friend, because the

sense of aversion should be a reminder to perfect fairness. Be just, if possible, to the Indians.
Mrs. EVA HAMILTON is said to be seeking seclusion and to ardently desire that the public should forget her. If the woman has sense enough to appreciate that she bears a very honorable name and has had better fortune than her career entitled her to, she has some faint claim to respect. It is very faint, of course.

All that is hatched about the results of the O'Brien-Parnell dialogue is only bald conjecture. Nothing definite is known of it, and it is useless to guess at its consequences. They will, of course, be known in good time, and if Ireland can wait the rest of the world can.

SPOTLIGHTS.
Many a marriage promise is only a lie-ance.
Sometimes one may know too much by a single "No."
The man of resolution is the one to be most taken with this time of year.
Most everybody can keep his good resolutions if he wishes to—keep them to himself.

He went over his speech
And put in parenthesis
His "No" (Gentle and laudable).
—Kachanga.

Temperance "Ring and Wild Belle" is not a piece of laundry advice nor directed against the giddy debauchees.
Some of the Columbia boys never act better than when they act alone.

"Wee Long" is going to try Dr. Koch's lymph on his nose.

There is more than a difference of degree between a dog-mat and a common fellow.

One of the signs of the times: "Money loaned on good security."

WORLDLINGS.
A visitor in New Orleans says that there are three features of the life in the Crescent City that are so strikingly foreign to the life in the North. They are the language of the French residents, which is spoken everywhere and has the pure Parisian accent, and the fact that the negroes on the lower river still wear the old-fashioned tunics that were worn in slavery days.

Four hundred out of every million of the residents of New Orleans, in Germany, commit suicide. In Leipzig the proportion is the highest in the world, reaching 450 per million. In London it is only 35 per million.

The only Chinaman in the regular army of the United States is Edward Goh, a private in Company H, of the Fifth Infantry, at Fort Sheridan, Ill. He served through the war as a volunteer.

The native population of Alaska numbers only 40,000, of whom 37,000 are Eskimoes.

Each of the seventeen pages in the Senate received a copy of the bill from Senator Stanford at Christmas. His expense received an amount equal to a month's pay and his private secretary a year's salary.

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Falling Star.
The east was gray as a marshy landscape,
But from the east a brilliant comet
Like lightning out of a cloudy night,
Leaped and quivered across the velvet crest.

The day was done and my soul was dark,
The night was dark and my soul was dark,
The day was done and my soul was dark,
The night was dark and my soul was dark.

A strange thing happened—a sweet, strange thing,
When I was alone and I spoke truth,
With love and heaven's blessing and faded youth,
My love in the future that angel was.

Men said to each other, "A star is falling!"
They caught but the glances of her garments white,
And I know she is with me on earth to-night.
—Boston Transcript.

Fate.
A fortune path grim fate doth run;
No man can tell the trend of it.
The foot that points a foot to fate,
And looks and snags it, "just in fun,"
Is at the last the victim of fate.
—Indianapolis Journal.

Unseasonable Rhyme.
Oh, for the sun of another June,
Oh, for the sun of another June,
Oh, for a season of winter time,
And a snow that has no stain.
—Washington Star.

The Conductor's Patriotism.
When Mary, Maria, or Minnie or Hannah,
Tries to sing the stars and stripes to day,
How oft the conductor, in an impulsive manner,
Takes her aside and says the star-spangled banner.
That is to say, he just lets her rave.
—Indianapolis Journal.

How to Write Philosophy.
[From the American Stationer.]
"I'm going to write a book on general philosophy," said Bowler.

"What do you know about philosophy?" exclaimed Knowles.

"Nothing; but all I have to do is to say something I don't understand myself, or cannot make any one else understand."

A Bonfire.
First Stranger—Would you be kind enough to give me a light?

Second Stranger—Certainly, sir; always glad to oblige; where would you prefer to be lighted?

Another Incident Recalled.
The Colonel-Kentucky sustained a heavy loss in Frankfurt.

The Major—Drowned in the Johnstown flood.

The Colonel—No, not drowned. He was imprisoned in the fourth story of a house for twelve hours, poor fellow, and died of thirst.

A Syndicate Poem.
[From the American Stationer.]
Gwendolyn—Horace Fassett sent me to-day a lovely compliment in the shape of a poem.

Alice—Does he rhyme "love" with "dove," and "heart" with "art"?

Gwendolyn—Yes; why do you ask?

Alice—He seems to me the same poem last week.

An Annoying Accident.
[From the American Stationer.]
Sams—I was out to buy one of those unbreakable many-chains you've advertised.

Alex—I'm very sorry, sir, but we've accidentally got our whole stock smashed this afternoon.

From Realism to Realization.
Fanning—Has Fanning made a success of the stage?

Manning—Yes. He acted the part of butter in a play last winter that he got a place in a Fifth Avenue family.

The Oldest Follower.
Mr. Bonnier—The oldest follower in the hotel—been here seventeen years.

Mr. Jones—You are entitled to be called a steady follower.

Mr. Bonnier—Yes, that would be so were it not for the danger of confounding terms.

A Cold Heat.
[From the American Stationer.]
"What kind of furnace have you?"

"A cold-air furnace."

"I thought not. I didn't know but what you were trying to heat the house with your refrigerator."

THE SPEAKER ON COMING DURING THE EVENING, BY MISS LILLIAN'S BUILDING.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Far Bows Not Liked in London—A Wise Man's Opinion of Woman's Dress—Cream White Silk for Evening Wear—The Inscription Fad.

With evening toilets, when satin or velvet flowers are used as garniture, little sprays of the same are adapted for culture ornaments, although for matrons two or three small tips are preferred for the hair and the corsage.

The general Greenway picture gowns and cloaks and hats are still the best and most general fashion for children, and it is hard indeed to pass one of the dear little wearers without wanting to stop and kiss the sweet little face.

Heine, the German wit and poet-ecyle, thus satirizes the fair and gentler sex: "Oh, the women! We must forgive them much, for they love much—and many. Their hair is probably only love turned inside out. Sometimes they mistake some delinquency to us, because they think they can in this way gratify another man. When they write they have always one eye on the paper and the other on a man; and this is true of all authoresses, except the Countess Hahn-Hain, who has only one eye."

The golden rule Kindergarten Association. In the last report six states, California, New York, Illinois, Ohio, and Michigan, have reported 1,000 little children have been enrolled in San Francisco since 1880, and \$100,000 spent on the little ones in whom lies the hope of the world. One of the schools is controlled by Miss Marwede, whose classes are made up entirely of the stray children and waifs, between two and ten years, picked out of the gutters and alleys of San Francisco.

For boys are already leaning favor among London adepts, one would fancy, from the number of advertisements, especially appearing in the last report six states, California, New York, Illinois, Ohio, and Michigan, have reported 1,000 little children have been enrolled in San Francisco since 1880, and \$100,000 spent on the little ones in whom lies the hope of the world. One of the schools is controlled by Miss Marwede, whose classes are made up entirely of the stray children and waifs, between two and ten years, picked out of the gutters and alleys of San Francisco.

It is a wise man who said on the subject of woman's dress: "I have found invariably that those women who really understand the art of dress, who know what to wear and when to wear it, have taste and intelligence of a more refined order than those who regard costume in the light of mere clothes, and who not only reveal no appreciation of a woman's obligation to look her best at all times, but affect to treat dress altogether as a subject only for the attention of frivolous minds."

China painting still remains the rage and all indications amply are being eagerly decorated. The new methods which have been taught for the past year give good results, and some of the work is an excellent imitation of paper imported from the Orient. The hairpins, combs, and brush trays and the jars for powders and salves make a pretty ornament for the toilet table. Smoking sets for decoration are also bought, so the men may have a chance to enjoy the artistic efforts of their fair friends.

Mrs. Hockefeller's bedroom at Rockwood Hall, in Tarrytown, is a most dainty and unique little apartment, with its walls and ceiling painted with leaves and garlands. One of the panels is set an ornate clock with a silver pendulum reaching to the floor and richly chased gold hands moving up among the carved garlands.

A cooking club composed of young ladies of Lexington and Auburn, N.Y., has been in operation some years and is conducted on a most excellent plan. The club meets at the house of each one in turn every fortnight. The hostess furnishes the food and all the other contribute something cooked by their own hands towards the tea. Sometimes the dish to be furnished is agreed upon and sometimes it is a surprise to all but the originator. No copying from cook books is allowed, but the girls may consult their own family cook when any difficult problem arises in the invention of new dishes. It is solemnly asserted that no girl in the class fails to eat her own concoctions.

Mr. John Sherwood says that there are 10,000 young American girls at this moment who are hoping to marry a title.

Editorial Magazine prints this: "Only a woman!" In the old days Hope clutched her hair in despair.

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

is always noted and admired, and is almost always becoming. If the figure and height admit its adoption. An effective trimming is a close band of gold braid dotted with dull copper. These metal garnishes are used on every sort of gown, not omitting the at one time severe plain tailor dress.

The inscription fad is one of the latest crazes among the fair sex. Every boy that ever received "My Name is Normal" has heard of the handwriting on the wall and the intense effect it had upon Mr. Jeanez. It was about this time the inscription fad started, and although it has taken some time to reach over American cities, it has at last got here, and way of thought are impressed by the touching simplicity of "don't blow out the gas" or "use the rope in case of fire." An East End girl—one of those girls that you always read about, with large liquid eyes and even temperament, who never smiles and sleeps with hands clasped prayerfully over her bosom, that sort of a girl—has the following in her boudoir:

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
Oh, then, when'er thou art,
And let no troubled thought
Disturb thy peaceful heart.

Not to mention a note that says:
With dreams of coming life,
The Maker's true changes friend,
His love surrounds thee still,
Forget yourself and all the world,
Put out each glowing light,
The stars are shining overhead,
Sleep gently, love, good-night.

The general Greenway picture gowns and cloaks and hats are still the best and most general fashion for children, and it is hard indeed to pass one of the dear little wearers without wanting to stop and kiss the sweet little face.

Heine, the German wit and poet-ecyle, thus satirizes the fair and gentler sex: "Oh, the women! We must forgive them much, for they love much—and many. Their hair is probably only love turned inside out. Sometimes they mistake some delinquency to us, because they think they can in this way gratify another man. When they write they have always one eye on the paper and the other on a man; and this is true of all authoresses, except the Countess Hahn-Hain, who has only one eye."

The golden rule Kindergarten Association. In the last report six states, California, New York, Illinois, Ohio, and Michigan, have reported 1,000 little children have been enrolled in San Francisco since 1880, and \$100,000 spent on the little ones in whom lies the hope of the world. One of the schools is controlled by Miss Marwede, whose classes are made up entirely of the stray children and waifs, between two and ten years, picked out of the gutters and alleys of San Francisco.

For boys are already leaning favor among London adepts, one would fancy, from the number of advertisements, especially appearing in the last report six states, California, New York, Illinois, Ohio, and Michigan, have reported 1,000 little children have been enrolled in San Francisco since 1880, and \$100,000 spent on the little ones in whom lies the hope of the world. One of the schools is controlled by Miss Marwede, whose classes are made up entirely of the stray children and waifs, between two and ten years, picked out of the gutters and alleys of San Francisco.

It is a wise man who said on the subject of woman's dress: "I have found invariably that those women who really understand the art of dress, who know what to wear and when to wear it, have taste and intelligence of a more refined order than those who regard costume in the light of mere clothes, and who not only reveal no appreciation of a woman's obligation to look her best at all times, but affect to treat dress altogether as a subject only for the attention of frivolous minds."

China painting still remains the rage and all indications amply are being eagerly decorated. The new methods which have been taught for the past year give good results, and some of the work is an excellent imitation of paper imported from the Orient. The hairpins, combs, and brush trays and the jars for powders and salves make a pretty ornament for the toilet table. Smoking sets for decoration are also bought, so the men may have a chance to enjoy the artistic efforts of their fair friends.

Mrs. Hockefeller's bedroom at Rockwood Hall, in Tarrytown, is a most dainty and unique little apartment, with its walls and ceiling painted with leaves and garlands. One of the panels is set an ornate clock with a silver pendulum reaching to the floor and richly chased gold hands moving up among the carved garlands.

A cooking club composed of young ladies of Lexington and Auburn, N.Y., has been in operation some years and is conducted on a most excellent plan. The club meets at the house of each one in turn every fortnight. The hostess furnishes the food and all the other contribute something cooked by their own hands towards the tea. Sometimes the dish to be furnished is agreed upon and sometimes it is a surprise to all but the originator. No copying from cook books is allowed, but the girls may consult their own family cook when any difficult problem arises in the invention of new dishes. It is solemnly asserted that no girl in the class fails to eat her own concoctions.

Mr. John Sherwood says that there are 10,000 young American girls at this moment who are hoping to marry a title.

Editorial Magazine prints this: "Only a woman!" In the old days Hope clutched her hair in despair.

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I never saw a woman who was not a woman."

Somebody says: "I